

the
RUB
YA

OUT
of
omore
diem

10 cents

The Rub-Ya-Out
of
Omore Diem

in a
new translation
by
Tuli Kupferberg

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I

WAKE! For the Bomb who scatter'd into flight
The Jets before him from the DEW of Night

Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
New York City with a Shaft of Blight.

II

Come pack your Pod and in the fire of Spring
Your Cancerous Carton of Chesterfields fling:

The ICBM has but a little way
To flutter--and the ICBM is on the Wing.

III

Whether at Moscow or at Washington
Whether the Atlas with methane or mercaptan run
The wine of Death keeps oozing drop by drop,
Issues of Life keep printing one by one.

IV

Each Morn a thousand Soldiers brings you say:
Yes, but where lie the Soldiers of Yesterday?

And this first Summer month that brings the Bomb
Shall take London and Amsterdam away.

V

Some for the Gories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Profit's Paradise to come;

Ah, take the Girl and let the Shelter go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Bomb!

VI

Think, in this batter'd Fall Out Bin
Whose Portals are alternate Chrome and Tin,

How President after President with his Pimp
Stood his destined Hour in the Sun, and went in.

VII

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that cheers
To-morrow of future regrets and past fears:

Today--Why, Today I may be
Myself with To-morrow's Sev'n thousand Years.

VIII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Khrushchev and Kennedy, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Thrown out the same door where in I went.

IX

For I remember stopping by the trees
To watch a Copper breaking this cat's Knees
And with his all-obliterated Tongue
He murmur'd--Gently, Brother, gently, please!

X

Would you that wrangle of Existentialism rend
About the GPU--quick about it Friend!
A Frontier perhaps divides the False from True--
And on what CIA, prithee, may your life depend?

XI

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old Baron Masoche from my Bed,
And took the Orgone's Daughter as a spouse.

XII

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Röntgens
And "Up-and-Down" by Logic be inventions,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but--Ströntgens.

XIII

And lately, by the Holy Loch's sweet calm
Came shining through the Dusk a Devil's Arm
Bearing a Vessel in his hand
He bid me sip of it; and 'twas--The Balmb!

XIV

The Bomb that can with Logic absolute
The hundred odd and jarring States compute:
The sovereign Physicist that in a trice
Life's golden metal into Lead transmute.

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XV

Why, be this Balmb the growth of God, who dare
BlaspHEME the twisted head-cone as a Snare?

A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse--why, then, Who set it there?

XVI

Of threats of "Bury You" and "Alliance of Paradise"
One thing at least is certain--This Missile flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The child that once has blown to bits for ever dies.

XVII

I sent my Rocket through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:

And by and by my Rocket return'd to me,
And answer'd "You yourself are shot to Hell."

XVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of IBM cards that come and go

Round with the mercury-vapored MANIAC held
In Midnight by the Master of the Late-Late Show.

XIX

The Moving Mushroom emits; and having emit,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a rad
Nor all your BAL wash out a rem of it.

XX

And that inverted sky they call the Bowl
Whereunder crawling coop'd we Rock-and-Roll

Lift not your hands to It for help--for It
As impotently screws as you or I.

XXI

Bombs of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;

And some loquacious Fissiors were; and some
Explode perhaps, but never Fuse at all.

translated

by

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